borne in a tempeſt,when my mother dide,this world to me is a laſting ſtorme,whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now *Marina*,why doe yow keep alone?
How chaunce my daughter is not with you?
Doe not conſume your bloud with ſorrowing,
Haue you a nurſe of me? Lord how your fauours
Changd with this vnprofitable woe:
Come giue me your flowers,ere the ſea marre it,
Walke with *Leonine*,the ayre is quicke there,
And it perces and ſharpens the ſtomacke,
Come *Leonine* take her by the arme,walke with her.

Mari. No I pray you,Ile not bereaue you of your ſeruât.

Dion. Come,come,I loue the king your father,and your ſelfe,with more then forraine heart,wee euery day expect him here,when he ſhall come and find our Paragon to all reports thus blaſted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage,blame both my Lord and me,that we haue taken no care to your beſt courſes,go I pray you,walke and be chearfull once againe, reſerue that excellent complexion, which did ſteale the eyes of yong and old. Care not for me,I can goe home alone.

Mari. Well,I will goe,but yet I haue no deſire too it.

Dion. Come, come,I know tis good for you,walke halfe an houre *Leonine*,at the leaſt,remember what I haue ſed.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leaue you my ſweete Ladie, for a while, pray walke ſoftly,doe not heate your bloud, what, I muſt haue care of you.

Mari. My thanks ſweete Madame,Is this wind Weſterlie that blowes?

Leon. Southweſt.

Mari. When I was borne the wind was North.

Leon. Waſt ſo?

Mari. My father,as nutſe ſes, did neuer feare, but cryed good

good ſea-men to the Saylers, galling his kingly hands haling ropes, and claſping to the Maſt, endured a ſea that almoſt burſt the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mari. When I was borne, neuer was waues nor winde more violent,and from the ladder tackle, waſhes off a canuas clymer,ha ſes one, wolt out? and with a dropping induſtrie they skip from ſterne to ſterne, the Boatſwaine whiſtles,and the Maiſter calles and trebles their confuſion.

Leon. Come ſay your prayers.

Mari. What meane you?

Leon. If you require a little ſpace for praier, I graunt it, pray,but bee not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of eare, and I am ſworne to do my worke with haſte.

Mari. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To ſatisfie my Ladie.

Mari. Why would ſhee haue mee kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I neuer ſpake bad worde, nor did ill turne to anie liuing creature: Beleeue me law,I neuer killd a Mouſe, nor hurt a Fly: I trode vpon a worme againſt my will,but I wept fort.How haue I offended,wherein my death might yeeld her anie profit,or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commiſſion is not to reaſon of the deed,but doo't.

Mari. You will not doo't for all the world I hope: you are well fauoured, and your lookes foreſhew you haue a gentle heart,I ſaw you latelie when you caught hurt in parting two that fought:good ſooth it ſhewde well in you, do ſo now, your Ladie ſeekes my life Come, you betweene,and ſaue poore mee the weaker.

Leon. I am ſworne and will diſpatch. *Enter Pirats.*

Pirat.1. Hold villaine.

Pira.2. A prize,a prize.

Pirat.3. Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets haue

 her